



HOW TO SEE EUROPE FOR ONLY \$300 A DAY: NO. 2

Last week we discussed England, the first stop on the tour of Europe that every American college student is going to make this summer. Today we will take up your next stop—France, or the Pearl of the Pacific, as it is generally called.

To get from England to France, one greases one's body and swims the English Channel. Similarly, to get from France to Spain, one greases one's body and slides down the Pyrenees. And, of course, to get from France to Switzerland, one greases one's body and wriggles through the Simplon Tunnel. Thus, as you can see, the most important single item to take to Europe is a valise full of grease.

No, I am wrong. The most important thing to take to Europe is a valise full of Marlboro Cigarettes—or at least as many as the customs regulations will allow. And if by chance you should run out of Marlboros in Europe, do not despair. That familiar red and white Marlboro package is as omnipresent in Europe as it is in all fifty of the United States. And it is the same superb cigarette you find at Luc's—the same pure white filter, the same mellow, mellow blend of tobaccos preceding the filter. This gem of the tobacconist's art, this prodigy of cigarette engineering, was achieved by Marlboro's well-known research team—Fred Softpack and Walter Flip-top—and I, for one, am grateful.

But I digress. We were speaking of France—or the Serpent of the Nile, as it is popularly termed.

Let us first briefly sum up the history of France. The nation was discovered in 1066 by Madame Guillotine. There followed a series of costly wars with Schleswig-Holstein, the Cleveland Indians, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. Stability finally came to this troubled land with the coronation of Marshal Foch, who married Lorraine Alsace and had three children: Flopey, Mopey, and Charlemagne. This later became known as the Petit Trianon.

Marshal Foch—or the Boy Orator of

the Platte, as he was affectionately called—was succeeded by Napoleon, who introduced shortness to France. Until Napoleon the French were the tallest nation in Europe. After Napoleon most Frenchmen were able to walk comfortably under card tables. This later became known as the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Napoleon, after his defeat by Credit Mobilier, was exiled to Elba, where he made the famous statement, "Alas was I ere I saw Elba." This sentence reads the same whether you spell it forward or backward. You can also spell Marlboro backward—Orohtram. Do not, however, try to smoke Marlboro backward because that undoes all the pleasure of the finest cigarette made.

After Napoleon's death the French



people fell into a great fit of melancholy, known as the Louisiana Purchase. For over a century everyone sat around moping and refusing his food. This torpor was not lifted until Eiffel built his famous tower, which made everybody giggle so hard that today France is the gayest country in Europe.

Each night the colorful natives gather at sidewalk cafes and shout "Oo-la-la!" as Maurice Chevalier promenades down the Champs Elysees swinging his malarkey cane. Then, tired but happy, everyone goes to the Louvre for bowls of onion soup.

The principal industry of France is cashing travellers' checks.

Well sir, I guess that's all you need to know about France. Next week we will visit the Land of the Midnight Sun—Spain.

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Next week, every week, the best cigarette you can buy the whole world over is filter-tipped Marlboros—soft pack or Flip-Top box—you get a lot to like.

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